EVENINGS AT HOME;

OR,

THE JUVENILE BUDGET OPENED:

CONSISTING OF

A VARIETY OF MISCELLANEOUS PIECES

FOR

THE INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT

OF

YOUNG PERSONS.

BY J. AIKIN, M.D.

AND

MRS. BARBAULD.

2

IN SIX VOLUMES.

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TWENTY-FIRST EVENING.

ON EARTHS AND STONES.

Tutor—George—Harry.

Harry. I wonder what all this heap of stones is for.

George. I can tell you—it is for the lime-kiln; don't you see it just by?

H. O yes, I do. But what is to be done to them there?

G. Why they are to be burned into lime; don't you know that?

H. But what is lime, and what are its uses?

G. I can tell you one; they lay it on the fields for manure. Don't you remember we saw a number of little heaps of it, that we took for sheep at a distance, and wondered they did not move? However, I believe we had

better ask our tutor about it. Will you please, Sir, to tell us somewhat about lime?

Tutor. Willingly. But suppose, as we talked about all sorts of metals some time ago, I should now give you a lecture about stones and earths of all kinds, which are equally valuable, and much more common, than metals.

G. Pray do, Sir.

H. I shall be very glad to hear it.

T. Well then. In the first place, the ground we tread upon, to as great a depth as it has been dug, consists for the most part of matter of various appearance and hardness, called by the general name of *earths.* In common language, indeed, only the soft and powdery substances are so named, while the hard and solid are called *stone* or *rock;* but chymists use the same term for all; as, in fact, earth is only crumbled stone, and stone only consolidated earth.

H. What!—has the mould of my garden ever been stone?

T. The black earth or mould which covers the surface wherever plants grow, consists mostly of parts of rotted vegetables, such as stalks, leaves, and roots, mixed with sand or loose clay; but this only reaches a little way; and beneath it you always come to a bed of gravel, or clay, or stone of some kind. Now these earths and stones are distinguished into several species, but principally into three, the properties of which make them useful to man for very different purposes, and are therefore very well worth knowing. As you began with asking me about lime, I shall first mention that class of earths from which it is obtained. These have derived their name of *calcareous* from this very circumstance, *calx* being lime, in Latin; and lime is got from them all in the same way, by burning them in

a strong fire. There are many kinds of calcareous earths. One of them is *marble*; you know what that is?

G. O yes! Our parlour chimney-piece and hearth are marble.

H. And so are the monuments in the church.

T. True. There are various kinds of it; white, black, yellow, gray, mottled and veined with different colours; but all of them are hard and heavy stones, admitting a fine polish, on which account they are much used in ornamental works.

G. I think statues are made of it.—

T. Yes! and where it is plentiful, columns, and porticoes, and sometimes whole buildings. Marble is the luxury of architecture.

H. Where does marble come from?

T. From a great many countries. Great Britain produces some, but mostly of inferior kinds. What we use

chiefly comes from Italy. The Greek islands yield some fine sorts. That of Paros is of ancient fame for whiteness and purity, and the finest antique statues have been made of Parian marble.

H. I suppose black marble will not burn into white lime.

T. Yes, it will. A violent heat will expel most of the colouring matter of marbles, and make them white. *Chalk* is another kind of calcareous earth. This is of a much softer consistence than marble; being easily cut with a knife, and marking things on which it is rubbed. It is found in great beds in the earth; and in some parts of England, whole hills are composed of it.

G. Are chalk and whiting the same?

T. Whiting is made of the finer and purer particles of chalk washed out from the rest, and then dried in

lumps. This, you know, is quite soft and crumbly. There are, besides, a great variety of stones in the earth, harder than chalk, but softer than marble, which will burn to lime, and are therefore called *lime-stones*. These differ much in colour and other properties, and accordingly furnish lime of different qualities. In general, the harder the limestone is, the firmer the lime made from it. Whole ridges of mountains in various parts are composed of limestone, and it is found plentifully in most of the hilly counties of England to the great advantage of the inhabitants.

G. Will not oyster-shells burn into lime? I think I have heard of oyster-shell lime.

T. They will; and this is another source of calcareous earth. The shells of all animals, both land and sea, as oysters, muscles, cockles, crabs, lobsters, snails, and the like, and also

egg-shells of all kinds, consist of this earth; and so does coral, which is formed by insects under the sea, and is very abundant in some countries. Vast quantities of shells are often found deep in the earth, in the midst of chalk and lime-stone beds; whence some have supposed that all calcareous earth is originally an animal production.

H. But where could animals enow ever have lived to make mountains of their shells?

T. That, indeed, I cannot answer. But there are sufficient proofs that our world must long have existed in a very different state from the present. Well—but beside these purer calcareous earths, it is very frequently found mingled in different proportions with other earths. Thus *marle,* which is so much used in manuring land, and of which there are a great many kinds,

all consists of calcareous earth, united with clay and sand; and the more of this earth it contains, the richer manure it generally makes.

G. Is there any way of discovering it when it is mixed in this manner with other things?

T. Yes—there is an easy and sure method of discovering the smallest portion of it. All calcareous earth has the property of dissolving in acids, and effervescing with them; that is, they bubble and hiss when acids are poured upon them. You may readily try this at any time with a piece of chalk or an oyster-shell.

G. I will pour some vinegar upon an oyster-shell as soon as I get home. But now I think of it, I have often done so in eating oysters, and I never observed it to hiss or bubble.

T. Vinegar is not an acid strong enough to act upon a thing so solid

as a shell. But aqua fortis, or spirit of salt, will do it at once; and persons who examine the nature of fossils always travel with a bottle of one of these acids, by way of a test of calcareous earth. Your vinegar will answer with chalk or whiting. This property of dissolving in acids, and what is called neutralising them, or taking away their sourness, has caused many of the calcareous earths to be used in medicine. You know that sometimes our food turns very sour upon the stomach, and occasions the pain called heart-burn, and other uneasy symptons. In these cases it is common to give chalk or powdered shells, or other things of this kind, which afford relief, by destroying the acid.

G. I suppose, then, *magnesia* is something of this sort, for I have often seen it given to my little sister when they said her stomach was out of order.

T. It is; but it has some peculiar properties which distinguish it from other calcareous earths, and particularly it will not burn to lime. Magnesia is an artificial production, got from one of the ingredients in sea-water, called the bitter purging salt.

G. Pray what are the other uses of these earths?

T. Such of them as are hard stone, as the marbles and many of the lime-stones, are used for the same purposes as other stones. But their great use is in the form of lime, which is a substance of many curious properties that I will now explain to you. When fresh burnt it is called *quicklime*, on account of the heat and life, as it were, which it possesses. Have you ever seen a lump put into water?

G. Yes, I have.

T. Were you not much surprised to see it swell and crack to pieces, with a

hissing noise and a great smoke and heat?

G. I was, indeed. But what is the cause of this?—how can cold water occasion so much heat?

T. I will tell you. The strong heat to which calcareous earth is exposed in making it lime, expels all the water it contained (for all earths, as well as almost every thing else, naturally contain water) and also a quantity of air which was united with it. At the same time it imbibes a good deal of fire, which remains fixed in its substance, even after it has grown cool to the touch. If water be now added to this quicklime, it is drunk in again with such rapidity, as to crack and break the lime to pieces. At the same time, most of the fire it had imbibed is driven out again, and makes itself sensible by its effects, burning all the things that it touches, and turning the water to steam. This operation

is called slacking of lime. The water in which lime is slacked dissolves a part of it, and acquires a very pungent harsh taste: this is used in medicine under the name of lime-water. If, instead of soaking quicklime in water, it is exposed for some time to the air, it attracts moisture slowly, and by degrees falls to powder, without much heat or disturbance. But whether lime be slacked in water or air, it does not at first return to the state in which it was before, since it still remains deprived of its air; and on that account is still pungent and caustic. At length, however, it recovers this also from the atmosphere, and is then calcareous earth as at first. Now it is upon some of these circumstances that the utility of lime depends. In the first place, its burning and corroding quality makes it useful to the tanner, in loosening all the hair from the hides and destroying the flesh and fat that ad-

here to them. And so in various other trades it is used as a great cleanser and purifier.

H. I have a thought come into my head. When it is laid upon the ground I suppose its use must be to burn up the weeds.

T. True—that is part of its use.

G. But it must burn up the good grass and corn too.

T. Properly objected. But the case is, that the farmer does not sow his seeds till the lime is rendered mild by exposure to the air and weather, and is well mixed with the soil. And even then it is reckoned a hot and forcing manure, chiefly fit for cold and wet lands. The principal use of lime, however, is as an ingredient in *mortar*. This, you know, is the cement by which bricks and stones are held together in building. It is made of fresh slacked lime and a proportion of sand

well mixed together; and generally some chopped hair is put into it. The lime binds with the other ingredients; and in length of time, the mortar, if well made, becomes as hard or harder than stone itself.

G. I have heard of the mortar in very old buildings being harder and stronger than any made at present.

T. That is only on account of its age. Burning lime and making mortar are as well understood now as ever; but in order to have it excellent, the lime should be of a good quality, and thoroughly burnt. Some sorts of lime have the property of making mortar which will harden under water, whence it is much valued for bridges, locks, wharfs, and the like.

G. Pray is not plaster of Paris a kind of lime? I know it will become hard by only mixing water with it, for I have used it to make casts of.

T. The powder you call plaster of Paris is made of an earth named *gypsum*, of which there are several kinds. *Alabaster* is a stone of this sort, and hard enough to be used like marble. The gypseous earths are of the calcareous kind, but they have naturally a portion of acid united with them, whence they will not effervesce on having acid poured on them. But they are distinguished by the property, that after being calcined or burned in the fire, and reduced to powder, they will set into a solid body by the addition of water alone. This makes them very useful for ornamental plasters, that are to receive a form or impression, such as the stucco for the ceiling of rooms.

Well—we have said enough about calcareous earths; now to another class, the *argillaceous*.

G. I think I know what those are. *Argilla* is Latin for *clay*.

T. True; and they are also called *clayey* earths. In general, these earths are of a soft texture and sort of greasy feel; but they are peculiarly distinguished by the property of becoming sticky on being tempered with water, so that they may be drawn out, and worked into form like a paste. Have you ever, when you were a little boy, made a clay house?

G. Yes, I have.

T. Then you well know the manner in which clay is tempered, and worked for this purpose.

H. Yes—and I remember helping to make little pots and mugs of clay.

T. Then you imitated the potter's trade; for all utensils of earthen ware are made of clays either pure or mixed. This is one of the oldest arts among mankind, and one of the most useful. They furnish materials for building, too; for bricks and tiles are made of

these earths. But in order to be fit for these purposes, it is necessary that clay should not only be soft and ductile while it is forming, but capable of being hardened afterwards. And this it is, by the assistance of fire. Pottery ware and bricks are burned with a strong heat in kilns, by which they acquire a hardness equal to that of the hardest stone.

G. I think I have heard of bricks being baked by the sun's heat alone in very hot countries.

T. True; and they may serve for building in climates where rain scarcely ever falls; but heavy showers would wash them away. Fire seems to change the nature of clays; for after they have undergone its operation, they become incapable of returning again to a soft and ductile state. You might steep brick dust or pounded pots in water ever so long without making it hold together in the least.

G. I suppose there are many kinds of clays?

T. There are. Argillaceous earths differ greatly from each other in colour, purity, and other qualities. Some are perfectly white, as that of which tobacco-pipes are made. Others are blue, brown, yellow, and in short of all hues, which they owe to mixtures of other earths or metals. Those which burn red contain a portion of iron. No clays are found perfectly pure; but they are mixed with more or less of other earths. The common brick clays contain a large proportion of sand, which often makes them crumbly and perishable. In general, the finest earthen ware is made of the purest and whitest clays; but other matters are mixed in order to harden and strengthen them. Thus *porcelain* or *china*, is made with a clayey earth mixed with a stone of a vitrifiable nature, that is, which may be melted

into glass; and the fine pottery called *queen's ware* is a mixture of tobacco-pipe clay, and flints burned and powdered. Common *stone-ware* is a coarse mixture of this sort. Some species of pottery are made with mixtures of burned and unburned clay; the former, as I told you before, being incapable of becoming soft again with water like a natural clay.

H. Are clays of no other use than to make pottery of?

T. Yes, the richest soils are those which have a proportion of clay; and marle, which I have already mentioned as a manure, generally contains a good deal of it. Then clay has the property of absorbing oil or grease, whence some kinds of it are used like soap for cleaning clothes. The substance called *Fuller's earth* is a mixed earth of the argillaceous kind; and its use in taking out the oil which naturally adheres to wool is so great, that it has been one

cause of the superiority of our woollen cloths.

H. Then I suppose it is found in England?

T. Yes. There are pits of the best kind of it near Woburn in Bedfordshire. A clayey stone called soap rock has exactly the feel and look of soap, and will even lather with water. The different kinds of slate, too, are stones of the argillaceous class; and very useful ones, for covering houses, and other purposes.

H. Are writing slates like the slates used for covering houses?

T. Yes; but their superior blackness and smoothness make them show better the marks of the pencil.

G. You have mentioned something of sand and flints, but you have not told us what sort of earths they are.

T. I reserved that till I spoke of the third great class of earths. This is

the *siliceous* class, so named from *silex*, which is Latin for a flint-stone. They have also been called *vitrifiable* earths, because they are the principal ingredient in glass, named in Latin *vitrum*.

G. I have heard of flint glass.

T. Yes—but neither flint, nor any other of the kind, will make glass, even by the strongest heat, without some addition; but this we will speak of by and by. I shall now tell you the principal properties of these earths. They are all very hard, and will strike fire with steel, when in a mass large enough for the stroke. They mostly run into particular shapes, with sharp angles and points, and have a certain degree of transparency; which has made them also be called *crystalline* earths. They do not in the least soften with water, like clays; nor are they affected by acids, nor do they burn to lime, like the calcareous earths. As

to the different kinds of them, *flint* has already been mentioned. It is a very common production in some parts, and is generally met with in pebbles or round lumps. What is called the *shingle* on the sea-shore chiefly consists of it; and the ploughed fields in some places are almost entirely covered with flint stones.

H. But do they not hinder the corn from growing?

T. The corn, to be sure, cannot take root upon them, but I believe it has been found that the protection they afford to the young plants which grow under them, is more than equal to the harm they do by taking up room. Flints are also frequently found imbedded in chalk under the ground. Those used in the Staffordshire potteries chiefly come from the chalk-pits near Gravesend. So much for flints. You have seen white pebbles, which

are semi-transparent, and when broken resemble white sugar-candy. They are common on the sea shore, and beds of rivers.

H. O, yes. We call them fire-stones. When they are rubbed together in the dark they send out great flashes of light, and have a particular smell.

T. True. The proper name of these is *quartz*. It is found in large quantities in the earth, and the ores of metals are often imbedded in it. Sometimes it is perfectly transparent, and then it is called *crystal*. Some of these crystals shoot into exact mathematical figures; and because many salts do the same, and are also transparent, they are called the *crystals* of such or such a salt.

G. Is not fine glass called crystal, too?

T. It is called so by way of simile; thus we say of a thing, "it is as clear

as crystal." But the only true crystal is an earth of the kind I have been describing. Well—now we come to *sand;* for this is properly only quartz in a powdery state. If you examine the grains of sand singly, or look at them with a magnifying glass, you will find them all either entirely or partly transparent; and in some of the white shining sands the grains are all little bright crystals.

H. But most sand is brown or yellowish.

T. That is owing to some mixture generally of the metallic kind. I believe I once told you that all sands were supposed to contain a small portion of gold. It is more certain that many of them contain iron.

G. But what could have brought this quartz and crystal into powder, so as to have produced all the sand in the world?

T. That is not very easy to deter-

mine. On the sea-shore, however, the incessant rolling of the pebbles by the waves is enough in time to grind them to powder; and there is reason to believe that the greatest part of what is now dry land, was once sea, which may account for the vast beds of sand met with inland.

G. I have seen some stone so soft that one might crumble it between one's fingers, and then it seemed to turn to sand.

T. There are several of this kind, more or less solid, which are chiefly composed of sand conglutinated by some natural cement. Such are called *sand stone* or *freestone*, and are used for various purposes, in building, making grindstones, and the like, according to their hardness.

H. Pray what are the common pebbles that the streets are paved with? I am sure they strike fire enough with the horses shoes.

T. They are stones of the siliceous kind, either pure or mixed with other earths. One of the hardest and best for this purpose is called *granite,* which is of various kinds and colours, but always consists of grains of different siliceous earths cemented together. The streets of London are paved with granite brought from Scotland. In some other stones, these bits of different earths dispersed through the cement are so large, as to look like plums in a pudding; whence they have obtained the name of *pudding stones.*

G. I think there is a kind of stones that you have not yet mentioned—precious stones.

T. These, too, are all of the siliceous class;—from the opaque or half-transparent, as agate, jasper, cornelian, and the like, to the perfectly clear, and brilliant ones, as ruby, emerald, topaz, sapphire, &c.

G. Diamond, no doubt, is one of them.

T. So it has commonly been reckoned, and the purest of all; but some late experiments have shown, that though it is the hardest body in nature, it may be totally dispersed into smoke and flame by a strong fire; so that mineralogists will now hardly allow it to be a stone at all, but class it among inflammable substances. The precious stones above mentioned, owe their different colours chiefly to some metallic mixture. They are in general extremely hard, so as to cut glass, and one another; but diamonds will cut all the rest.

G. I suppose they must be very rare.

T. Yes; and in this rarity consists the greatest part of their value. They are, indeed, beautiful objects; but the figure they make in proportion to their expense is so very small, that their high price may be reckoned one of the principal follies among mankind. What

proportion can there possibly be between the real worth of a glittering stone as big as a hazel-nut, and a magnificent house and gardens, or a large tract of country covered with noble woods and rich meadows and corn-fields? And as to the mere glitter, a large lustre of cut glass has an infinitely greater effect on the eye than all the jewels of a foreign prince.

G. Will you please to tell us now how glass is made?

T. Willingly. The base of it is, as I said before, some earth of the siliceous class. Those commonly used are flint and sand. Flint is first burned or calcined, which makes it quite white, like enamel; and it is then powdered. This is the material sometimes used for some very white glasses; but sand is that commonly preferred, as being already in a powdery form. The white crystalline sands are used for fine glass; the brown or yellow from the common

sort. As these earths will not melt of themselves, the addition in making glass is somewhat that promotes their fusion. Various things will do this; but what is generally used is an alkaline salt, obtained from the ashes of burnt vegetables. Of this there are several kinds, as pot-ash, pearl-ash, barilla, and kelp. The salt is mixed with the sand in a certain proportion, and the mixture then exposed in earthen pots to a violent heat, till it is thoroughly melted. The mass is then taken while hot and fluid, in such quantities as are wanted, and fashioned by blowing and the use of sheers and other instruments. You must see this done some time, for it is one of the most curious and pleasing of all manufactures; and it is not possible to form an idea of the ease and dexterity with which glass is wrought, without an actual view.

H. I should like very much to see it, indeed.

G. Where is glass made in this country?

T. In many places. Some of the finest in London; but the coarser kinds generally where coals are cheap; as at Newcastle and its neighbourhood, in Lancashire, at Stourbridge, Bristol and in South Wales. I should have told you, however, that in our finest and most brilliant glass, a quantity of the calx of lead is put, which vitrifies with the other ingredients, and gives the glass more firmness and density. The blue, yellow, and red glasses, are coloured with the calxes of other metals. As to the common green glass, it is made with an alkali that has a good deal of calcareous earth remaining with the ashes of the plant. But to understand all the different circumstances of glass making, one

must have a thorough knowledge of chemistry.

G. I think making of glass is one of the finest inventions of human skill.

T. It is perhaps not of that capital importance that some other arts possess; but it has been a great addition to the comfort and pleasure of life in many ways. Nothing makes such clean and agreeable vessels as glass, which has the quality of not being corroded by any kind of liquor, as well as that of showing its contents by its transparency. Hence it is greatly preferable to the most precious metals for drinking out of; and for the same reasons it is preferred to every other material for chemical utensils, where the heat to be employed is not strong enough to melt it.

H. Then, glass windows.

T. Ay; that is a very material comfort in a climate like ours, where we so

often wish to let in the light, and keep out the cold wind and rain. What could be more gloomy than to sit in the dark, or with no other light than came in through small holes covered with oiled paper or bladder, unable to see any thing passing without doors! Yet this must have been the case with the most sumptuous palaces before the invention of window-glass, which was a good deal later than that of bottles and drinking glasses.

H. I think looking glasses are very beautiful.

T. They are indeed very elegant pieces of furniture, and very costly too. The art of casting glass into large plates, big enough to reach almost from the bottom to the top of a room, is but lately introduced into this country from France. But the most splendid and brilliant manner of employing glass is in lustres and chandeliers, hung round

with drops cut so as to reflect the light with all the colours of the rainbow. Some of the shops in London filled with these articles, appear to realize all the wonders of an enchanted palace in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments.

G. But are not spectacles and spying glasses more useful than all these?

T. I did not mean to pass them over, I assure you. By the curious invention of optical glasses of various kinds, not only the natural defects of the sight have been remedied, and old age has been in some measure lightened of one of its calamities, but the sense of seeing has been wonderfully extended. The telescope has brought distant objects within our view, while the microscope has given us a clear survey of near objects too minute for our unassisted eyes. By means of both, some of the brightest discoveries of the moderns have been made; so that glass has proved not less

admirable in promoting science, than in contributing to splendour and convenience. Well—I don't know that I have any thing more at present to say relative to the class of earths. We have gone through the principal circumstances belonging to their three great divisions, the *calcareous*, *argillaceous*, and *siliceous*. You will remember however, that most of the earths and stones offered by nature are not in any one of these kinds perfectly pure, but contain a mixture of one or both the others. There is not a pebble that you can pick up, which would not exercise the skill of a mineralogist fully to ascertain its properties, and the materials of its composition. So inexhaustible is nature!

TWENTY-SECOND EVENING.

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

It was a delightful evening about the end of August. The sun setting in a pure sky illuminated the tops of the western hills, and tipped the opposite trees with a yellow lustre.

A traveller, with sun-burnt cheeks and dusty feet, strong and active, having a knapsack at his back, had gained the summit of a steep ascent, and stood gazing on the plain below.

This was a wide tract of champaign country, checquered with villages whose towers and spires peeped above the trees in which they were embosomed. The space between them was chiefly arable land, from which the last products of the harvest were busily carrying away.

A rivulet winded through the plain;

its course marked with gray willows. On its banks were verdant meadows, covered with lowing herds, moving slowly to the milkmaids, who came tripping along with pails on their heads. A thick wood clothed the side of a gentle eminence rising from the water, crowned with the ruins of an ancient castle.

Edward (that was the traveller's name) dropped on one knee, and clasping his hands, exclaimed, "Welcome, welcome, my dear native land! Many a sweet spot have I seen since I left thee, but none so sweet as thou! Never has thy dear image been out of my memory; and now with what transport do I retrace all thy charms! O receive me again never more to quit thee!" So saying, he threw himself on the turf, and having kissed it, rose and proceeded on his journey.

As he descended into the plain, he

he overtook a little group of children, merrily walking along the path, and stopping now and then to gather berries in the hedge.

"Where are you going, my dears?" said Edward.

"We are going home," they all replied.

"And where is that?"

"Why to Summerton; that town there among the trees, just before us. Don't you see it?"

"I see it well," answered Edward, the tear standing in his eye.

"And what is your name—and yours —and yours?"

The little innocents told their names. Edward's heart leaped at the well-known sounds.

"And what is *your* name, my dear?" said he to a pretty girl, somewhat older than the rest, who hung back shyly, and

held the hand of a ruddy white-headed boy, just breeched.

"It is Rose Walsingham, and this my younger brother, Roger."

"*Walsingham!*" Edward clasped the girl round the neck, and surprised her with two or three very close kisses. He then lifted up little Roger, and almost devoured him. Roger seemed as if he wanted to be set down again, but Edward told him he would carry him home.

"And can you show me the house you live at, Rose?" said Edward.

"Yes—it is just there, beside the pond, with the great barn before it, and the orchard behind."

"And will you take me home with you, Rose?"

"If you please," answered Rose, hesitatingly.

They walked on, Edward said but

little, for his heart was full, but he frequently kissed little Roger.

Coming at length to a stile from which a path led across a little close, "This is the way to our house," said Rose.

The other children parted. Edward set down Roger, and got over the style. He still, however, kept hold of the boy's hand. He trembled, and looked wildly around him.

When they approached the house, an old mastiff came running to meet the children. He looked up at Edward rather sourly, and gave a little growl; when all at once his countenance changed; he leaped upon him, licked his hand, wagged his tail, murmured in a soft voice, and seemed quite over-come with joy. Edward stooped down, patted his head, and cried, "Poor Captain, what, are you alive yet?" Rose was surprised that the stranger

and their dog should know one another.

They all entered the house together. A good-looking middle-aged woman was busied in preparing articles of cookery, assisted by her grown up daughter. She spoke to the children as they came in, and casting a look of some surprise on Edward, asked him what his business was?

Edward was some time silent; at length with a faultering voice he cried, "Have you forgot me, mother?"

"Edward! my son Edward!" exclaimed the good woman. And they were instantly locked in each other's arms.

"My brother Edward," said Molly; and took her turn for an embrace, as soon as her mother gave her room.

"Are you my brother?" said Rose.

"That I am," replied Edward, with another kiss. Little Roger looked hard at him, but said nothing.

News of Edward's arrival soon flew across the yard, and in came from the barn his father, his next brother Thomas, and the third William. The father fell on his neck, and sobbed out his welcome and blessing. Edward had not hands enow for them all to shake.

An aged white-headed labourer came in, and held out his shrivelled hand. Edward gave it a hearty squeeze. "God bless you," said old Isaac; "this is the best day I have seen this many a year."

"And where have you been this long while?" cried the father.—"Eight years and more," added the mother.

His elder brother took off his knapsack; and Molly drew him a chair. Edward seated himself, and they all gathered round him. The old dog got within the circle, and lay at his feet.

"O, how glad I am to see you all again!" were Edward's first words. "How well you look, mother! but

father grows thinner. As for the rest I should have known none of you, unless it had been Thomas and old Isaac."

"What a sun-burnt face you have got!—but you look brave and hearty," cries his mother.

"Ay, mother, I have been enough in the sun, I assure you. From seventeen to five and twenty I have been a wanderer upon the face of the earth, and I have seen more in that time than most men in the course of their lives.

"Our young landlord, you know, took such a liking to me at school, that he would have me go with him on his travels. We went through most of the countries of Europe, and at last to Naples, where my poor master took a fever and died. I never knew what grief was till then; and I believe the thoughts of leaving me in a strange country went as much to his heart as his

illness. An intimate acquaintance of his, a rich young West Indian, seeing my distress, engaged me to go with him in a voyage he was about to take to Jamaica. We were too short a time in England before we sailed for me to come and see you first, but I wrote you a letter from the Downs."

"We never received it," said his father.

"That was a pity," returned Edward; "for you must have concluded I was either dead or had forgotten you. Well—we arrived safe in the West Indies, and there I staid till I had buried that master too; for young men die fast in that country. I was very well treated, but I could never like the place; and yet Jamaica is a very fine island, and has many good people in it. But for me, used to see freemen work cheerfully along with their masters—to behold nothing but droves of black slaves

in the fields, toiling in the burning sun under the constant dread of the lash of hard hearted task-masters;---it was what I could not bring myself to bear; and though I might have been made an overseer of a plantation, I chose rather to live in a town, and follow some domestic occupation. I could soon have got rich there; but I fell into a bad state of health, and people were dying all round me of the yellow fever: so I collected my little property, and though a war had broken out, I ventured to embark with it for England.

"The ship was taken and carried into the Havanna, and I lost my all, and my liberty besides. However, I had the good fortune to ingratiate myself with a Spanish merchant whom I had known at Jamaica, and he took me with him to the continent of South America. I visited great part of this country, once possessed by flourishing and inde-

pendent nations, but now groaning under the severe yoke of their haughty conquerors. I saw those famous gold and silver mines, where the poor natives work naked, for ever shut out from the light of day, in order that the wealth of their unhappy land may go to spread luxury and corruption throughout the remotest regions of Europe.

"I accompanied my master across the great southern ocean, a voyage of some months, without the sight of any thing but water and sky. We came to the rich city of Manilla, the capital of the Spanish settlements in those parts. There I had my liberty restored, along with a handsome reward for my services. I got thence to China; and from China, to the English settlements in the East Indies, where the sight of my countrymen, and the sounds of my native tongue, made me fancy myself almost at home again, though still separated by half the globe.

"Here I saw a delightful country, swarming with industrious inhabitants, some cultivating the land, others employed in manufactures, but of so gentle and effeminate a disposition, that they have always fallen under the yoke of their invaders. Here how was I forced to blush for my countrymen, whose avarice and rapacity so often have laid waste this fair land, and brought on it all the horrors of famine and desolation! I have seen human creatures quarrelling like dogs for bare bones thrown upon a dunghill. I have seen fathers selling their families for a little rice, and mothers entreating strangers to take their children for slaves that they might not die of hunger. In the midst of such scenes, I saw pomp and luxury of which our country affords no examples.

"Having remained here a considerable time, I gladly at length set my face homewards, and joined a company who

undertook the long and perilous journey to Europe over land. We crossed vast tracts both desert and cultivated; sandy plains parched with heat and drought, and infested with bands of ferocious plunderers. I have seen a well of muddy water more valued than ten camel loads of treasure; and a few half-naked horsemen strike more terror than a king with all his guards. At length, after numberless hardships and dangers, we arrived at civilized Europe, and forgot all we had suffered. As I came nearer my native land, I grew more and more impatient to reach it; and when I had set foot on it, I was still more restless till I could see again my beloved home.

"Here I am at last—happy in bringing back a sound constitution, and a clear conscience. I have also brought enough of the relics of my honest gains to furnish a little farm in the neighbourhood, where I mean to sit down

and spend my days in the midst of those whom I love better than all the world besides."

When Edward had finished, kisses and kind shakes of the hand were again repeated, and his mother brought out a large slice of harvest cake, with a bottle of her nicest currant wine, to refresh him after his day's march. "You are come," said his father, "at a lucky time, for this is our harvest supper. We shall have some of our neighbours to make merry with us, who will be almost as glad to see you as we are—for you were always a favourite among them."

It was not long before the visitors arrived. The young folks ran to meet them, crying, "Our Edward's come back—Our Edward's come home! Here he is—this is he;" and so without ceremony, they introduced them.

"Welcome!—welcome!—God bless you!" sounded on all sides. Edward

knew all the elderly ones at first sight, but the young people puzzled him for a while. At length he recollected this to have been his schoolfellow, and that his companion in driving plough; and he was not long in finding out his favourite and playfellow Sally, of the next farm-house, whom he left a romping girl of fifteen, and now saw a blooming full-formed young woman of three-and-twenty. He contrived in the evening to get next her; and though she was somewhat reserved at first, they had pretty well renewed their intimacy before the company broke up.

"Health to Edward, and a happy settlement among us," was the parting toast. When all were retired, the *Returned Wanderer* went to rest in the very room in which he was born, having first paid fervent thanks to Heaven for preserving him to enjoy a blessing the dearest to his heart.

THE DOG AND HIS RELATIONS.

KEEPER was a farmer's mastiff, honest, brave, and vigilant. One day as he was ranging at some distance from home he espied a Wolf and Fox sitting together at the corner of a wood. *Keeper*, not much liking their looks, though by no means fearing them, was turning another way, when they called after him, and civilly desired him to stay. "Surely, Sir, (says *Reynard*), you won't disown your relations. My cousin *Gaunt* and I were just talking over family matters, and we both agreed that we had the honour of reckoning you among our kin. You must know that, according to the best accounts, the wolves and dogs were originally one race in the forests of Armenia; but the dogs, taking to living with man have since become inhabitants of towns and

villages, while the wolves have retained their ancient mode of life. As to my ancestors, the foxes, they were a branch of the same family, who settled farther northwards, where they became stinted in their growth, and adopted the custom of living in holes under ground. The cold has sharpened our noses, and given us a thicker fur and bushy tails to keep us warm. But we have all a family likeness which it is impossible to mistake; and I am sure it is our interest to be good friends with each other."

The wolf was of the same opinion; and *Keeper* looking narrowly at them, could not help acknowledging their relationship. As he had a generous heart, he readily entered into friendship with them. They took a ramble together; but *Keeper* was rather surprised at observing the suspicious shyness with which some of the weaker sort of animals surveyed them, and won-

dered at the hasty flight of a flock of sheep as soon as they came within view. However he gave his cousins a cordial invitation to come and see him at his yard, and then took his leave.

They did not fail to come the next day about dusk. *Keeper* received them kindly, and treated them with part of his own supper. They staid with him till after dark, and then marched off with many compliments. The next morning word was brought to the farm that a goose and three goslings were missing, and that a couple of lambs were found almost devoured in the home field. *Keeper* was too honest himself readily to suspect others, so he never thought of his kinsmen on the occasion. Soon after, they paid him a second evening visit: and next day another loss appeared, of a hen and her chickens, and a fat sheep. Now *Keeper* could not help mistrusting a little, and

blamed himself for admitting strangers, without his master's knowledge. However, he still did not love to think ill of his own relations.

They came a third time. *Keeper* received them rather coldly; and hinted that he should like better to see them in the day-time; but they excused themselves for want of leisure. When they took their leave, he resolved to follow at some distance and watch their motions. A litter of young pigs happened to be lying under a haystack without the yard. The wolf seized one by the back, and ran off with him. The pig set up a most dismal squeal; and *Keeper*, running up at the noise, caught his dear cousin in the fact. He flew at him and made him relinquish his prey, though not without much snarling and growling. The fox, who had been prowling about the hen roost, now came up, and began to make protesta-

tions of his own innocence, with heavy reproaches against the wolf for thus disgracing the family. "Begone, scoundrels both! (cried *Keeper*) I know you now too well. You may be of my blood, but I am sure you are not of my spirit. *Keeper* holds no kindred with villains." So saying, he drove them from the premises.

THE COST OF A WAR.

You may remember, Oswald, (said Mr. B. to his son) that I gave you some time ago a notion of *the price of a victory* to the poor souls engaged in it.

I shall not soon forget it, I assure you, Sir, (replied Oswald.)

Father. Very well; I mean now to give you some idea of *the cost of a war* to the people among whom it is carried on. This may serve to abate something of the admiration with which his-

sorians are too apt to inspire us for great warriors and conquerors. You have heard, I doubt not, of Louis the Fourteenth, king of France.

Os. O yes!

F. He was entitled by his subjects *Louis le Grand*, and was compared by them to the Alexanders and Cæsars of antiquity; and with some justice as to the extent of his power, and the use he made of it. He was the most potent prince of his time; commanded mighty and victorious armies; and enlarged the limits of his hereditary dominions. Louis was not naturally a hard hearted man; but having been taught from his cradle that every thing ought to give way to the interests of his glory, and that this glory consisted in domineering over his neighbours, and making conquests, he grew to be insensible to all the miseries brought on his own and other people, in pursuit of this noble de-

sign as he thought it. Moreover, he was plunged in dissolute pleasures, and the delights of pomp and splendor, from his youth; and he was ever surrounded by a tribe of abject flatterers, who made him believe that he had a full right in all cases to do as he pleased. Conquest abroad, and pleasure at home, were therefore the chief business of his life.

One evening, his minister, Louvois, came to him, and said, "Sire, it is absolutely necessary to make a desert of the *Palatinate*."

This is a country in Germany, on the banks of the Rhine, one of the most populous and best cultivated districts in that empire, filled with towns and villages, and industrious inhabitants.

"I should be sorry to do it (replied the king, for you know how much odium we acquired throughout Europe when a part of it was laid waste some time ago, under Marshal Turenne."

"It cannot be helped, Sire (returned Louvois). All the damage he did has been repaired, and the country is as flourishing as ever. If we leave it in its present state, it will afford quarters to your majesty's enemies, and endanger your conquests. It must be entirely ruined—the good of the service will not permit it to be otherwise."

"Well then (answered Louis), if it must be so, you are to give orders accordingly." So saying he left the cabinet, and went to assist at a magnificent festival given in honour of his favourite mistress by a prince of the blood.

The pitiless Louvois lost no time; but dispatched a courier that very night, with positive orders to the French generals in the Palatinate to carry fire and desolation through the whole country—not to leave a house or a tree standing—and to expel all the inhabitants.

It was the midst of a rigorous winter.

Os. O horrible! but surely the generals would not obey such orders.

F. What! a general disobey the commands of his sovereign! that would be contrary to every maxim of the *trade.* Right and wrong are no considerations to a military man. He is only to do as he is bid. The French generals who were upon the spot, and must see with their own eyes all that was done, probably felt somewhat like men on the occasion; but the sacrifice to their duty as soldiers was so much the greater. The commands were peremptory, and they were obeyed to a tittle. Towns and villages were burnt to the ground; vineyards and orchards were cut down and rooted up; sheep and cattle were killed; all the fair works of ages were destroyed in a moment; and the smiling

face of culture was turned to a dreary waste.

The poor inhabitants were driven from their warm and comfortable habitations into the open fields, to confront all the inclemencies of the season. Their furniture was burnt or pillaged, and nothing was left them but the clothes on their backs, and the few necessaries they could carry with them. The roads were covered with trembling fugitives, going they knew not whither, shivering with cold and pinched with hunger.—Here an old man, dropping with fatigue, lay down to die—there a woman with a new-born infant sunk perishing on the snow, while her husband hung over them in all the horror of despair.

Os. O, what a scene! Poor creatures! What became of them at last?

F. Such of them as did not perish on the road, got to the neighbouring towns, where they were received with

all the hospitality that such calamitous times would afford; but they were beggared for life. Meantime their country for many a league round displayed no other sight than that of black smoking ruins in the midst of silence and desolation.

Os. I hope, however, that such things do not often happen in war.

F. Not often, perhaps, to the same extent: but in some degree they must take place in every war. A village which would afford a favourable post to the enemy, is always burnt without hesitation. A country which can no longer be maintained, is cleared of all its provision and forage before it is abandoned, lest the enemy should have the advantage of them; and the poor inhabitants are left to subsist as they can. Crops of corn are trampled down by armies in their march, or devoured while green as fodder for their horses. Pillage, rob-

bery, and murder, are always going on in the outskirts of the best disciplined camp. Then consider what must happen in every siege. On the first approach of the enemy, all the buildings in the suburbs of a town are demolished, and all the trees in gardens and public walks are cut down, lest they should afford shelter to the besiegers. As the siege goes on, bombs, hot balls, and cannon-shot are continually flying about; by which the greatest part of a town is ruined or laid in ashes, and many of the innocent people killed and maimed. If the resistance is obstinate, famine and pestilence are sure to take place; and if the garrison holds out to the last, and the town is taken by storm, it is generally given up to be pillaged by the enraged and licentious soldiery.

It would be easy to bring too many examples of cruelty exercised upon a conquered country, even in very late

times, when war is said to be carried on with so much humanity; but, indeed, how can it be otherwise? The art of war is essentially that of destruction, and it is impossible there should be a mild and merciful way of murdering and ruining one's fellow-creatures. Soldiers, as men, are often humane; but war must ever be cruel. Though Homer has filled his Iliad with the exploits of fighting heroes, yet he makes Jupiter address Mars, the God War, in terms of the utmost abhorrence.

Of all the Gods who tread the spangled skies,
Thou most unjust, most odious in our eyes;
In human discord is thy dire delight,
The waste of slaughter, and the rage of fight;
No bound, no law, thy fiery temper quells.

POPE.

Os. Surely as war is so bad a thing, there might be some way of preventing it.

F. Alas! I fear mankind have been too long accustomed to it, and it is too agreeable to their bad passions, easily to be laid aside, whatever miseries it may bring upon them. But in the mean time let us correct our own ideas of the matter, and no longer lavish admiration upon such a pest of the human race as a *Conqueror*, how brilliant soever his qualities may be; nor ever think that a profession which binds a man to be the servile instrument of cruelty and injustice, is an *honourable* calling.

TWENTY-THIRD EVENING.

THE CRUCIFORM-FLOWERED PLANTS.

Tutor—George– Harry.

George. How rich yon field looks with its yellow flowers! I wonder what they can be.

Tutor. Suppose you go and see if you can find it out; and bring a stalk of the flowers with you.

G. (returning) I know now—they are turnips.

T. I thought you could make it out when you came near them. These turnips are left to seed, which is the reason why you see them run to flower. Commonly they are pulled up sooner.

Harry. I should not have thought a turnip had so sweet a flower.

G. I think I have smelt others like

them. Pray, Sir, what class of plants do they belong to?

T. To a very numerous one, with which it is worth your while to get acquainted. Let us sit down and examine them. The petal, you observe, consists of four flat leaves set opposite to each other, or cross-wise. From this circumstance the flowers have been called *cruciform*. As most plants with flowers of this kind bear their seeds in pods, they have likewise been called the *siliquose* plants, *siliqua* being the Latin for a pod.

G. But the papilionaceous flowers bear pods, too.

T. True; and therefore the name is not a good one. Now pull off the petals one by one. You see they are fastened by long claws within the flower-cup. Now count the chives.

H. There are six.

G. But they are not all of the same

length—two are much shorter than the rest.

T. Well observed. It is from this that Linnæus has formed a particular class for the whole tribe, which he calls *tetradynamia*, a word implying *four powers*, or the *power of four*, as if the four longer chives were more perfect and efficacious than the two shorter; which, however, we do not know to be the case. This superior length of four chives is conspicuous in most plants of this tribe, but not in all. They have, however, other resemblances which are sufficient to constitute them a natural family; and accordingly all botanists have made them such.

The flowers, as I have said, have in all of them four petals placed crosswise. The calyx also consists of four oblong and hollow leaves. There is a single pistil, standing upon a seed-bud, which turns either into a long

pod, or a short round one called a pouch; and hence are formed the two great branches of the family, the podded and the pouched. The seed-vessel has two valves or external openings with a partition between. The seeds are small and roundish, attached alternately to both sutures or joinings of the valves.

Do you observe all these circumstances?

G. and H. We do.

T. You shall examine them more minutely in a larger plant of the kind. Further, almost all of these plants have somewhat of a biting taste, and also a disagreeable smell in their leaves, especially when decayed. A turnip field, you know, smells but indifferently; and cabbage, which is one of this class, is apt to be remarkably offensive.

H. Yes—there is nothing worse than rotten cabbage leaves.

G. And the very water in which they

are boiled is enough to scent a whole house.

T. The flowers, however, of almost all the family are fragrant, and some remarkably so. What do you think of wall-flowers and stocks?

H. What, are they of this kind?

T. Yes—and so is candy-tuft, and rocket.

H. Then they are not to be despised.

T. No—and especially as not one of the whole class, I believe, is poisonous; but, on the contrary, many of them afford good food for man and beast. Shall I tell you about the principal of them?

G. Pray do, Sir.

T. The pungency of taste which so many of them possess, has caused them to be used for salad herbs. Thus we have cress, water-cress, and mustard; to which might be added many

more which grow wild, as ladysmock, wild-rocket, hedge-mustard, and jack by the hedge, or sauce alone. Mustard, you know, is also greatly used for its seeds, the powder or flour of which made into a sort of paste with salt and water, is eaten with many kinds of meat. Rape-seeds are very similar to them, and from both an oil is pressed out, of the mild or tasteless kind, as it is likewise from cole-seed, another product of this class. Scurvy-grass, which is a pungent plant of this family, growing by the sea-side, has obtained its name from being a remedy for the scurvy. Then there is horse-radish, with the root of which I am sure you are well acquainted, as a companion to roast-beef. Common radish, too, is a plant of this kind, which has a good deal of pungency. One sort of it has a root like a turnip, which brings it near in quality to the turnip itself. This last plant,

though affording a sweet and mild nutriment, has naturally a degree of pungency and rankness.

G. That, I suppose, is the reason why turnipy milk and butter have such a strong taste.

T. It is.

H. Then why do they feed cows with it?

T. In this case, as in many others, quality is sacrificed to quantity. But the better use of turnips to the farmer is to fatten sheep and cattle. By its assistance he is enabled to keep many more of these animals than he could find grass or hay for; and the culture of turnips prepares his land for grain as well, or better, than could be done by letting it lie quite fallow. The turnip husbandry, as it is called, is one of the capital modern improvements of agriculture.

G. I think I have heard that Norfolk is famous for it.

T. It is so. That county abounds in light sandy lands, which are peculiarly suitable to turnips. But they are now grown in many parts of the kingdom besides. Well—but we must say somewhat more about cabbage, an article of food of very long standing. The original species of this is a sea-side plant, but cultivation has produced a great number of varieties well known in our gardens, as white and red cabbage, kale, colewort, brocoli, borecole, and cauliflower.

H. But the flower of cauliflower does not seem at all like that of cabbage or turnip.

T. The white head, called its flower, is not properly so, but consists of a cluster of imperfect buds. If they are left to grow for seed, they throw out some spikes of yellow flowers like common cabbage. Brocoli heads are of the same kind. As to the head of

white or red cabbage, it consists of a vast number of leaves closing round each other, by which the innermost are prevented from expanding, and remain white on account of the exclusion of the light and air. This part, you know, is most valued for food. In some countries they cut cabbage heads into quarters, and make them undergo a kind of acid fermentation; after which they are salted and preserved for winter food under the name of sour krout.

G. Cattle, too, are sometimes fed with cabbage, I believe.

T. Yes, and large fields of them are cultivated for that purpose. They succeed best in stiff clayey soils, where they sometimes grow to an enormous bigness. They are given to milch kine as well as to fattening cattle.

G. Do not they give a bad taste to the milk?

T. They are apt to do so unless great

care is taken to pick off all the decayed leaves.

Coleworts, which are a smaller sort of cabbage, are sometimes grown for feeding sheep and cattle. I think I have now mentioned most of the useful plants of this family, which you see are numerous and important. They both yield beef and mutton, and the sauce to them. But many of the species are troublesome weeds. You see how yonder corn is overrun with yellow flowers.

G. Yes. They are as thick as if they had been sown.

T. They are of this family, and called charlock, or wild mustard, or corn kale, which, indeed, are not all exactly the same things, though nearly resembling. These produce such plenty of seeds, that it is very difficult to clear a field of them, if once they are suffered to grow till the seeds ripen.

An extremely common weed in gardens and by road-sides is shepherd's purse, which is a very good specimen of the pouch-bearing plants of this tribe, its seed-vessels being exactly the figure of a heart. Ladysmock is often so abundant a weed in wet meadows as to make them all over white with their flowers. Some call this plant cuckoo-flower because its flowering is about the same time with the first appearance of that bird in the spring.

G. I remember some pretty lines in a song about spring, in which ladysmock is mentioned.

When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And ladysmocks all silver white;
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight.

T. They are Shakespeare's. You see he gives the name of cuckoo-bud to some other flower, a yellow one,

which appears at the same season. But still earlier than this time, walls and hedge-banks are enlivened by a very small white flower, called whitlow-grass, which is one of the tribe.

H. Is it easy to distinguish the plants of this family from one another?

T. Not very easy, for the general similarity of the flowers is so great, that little distinction can be drawn from them. The marks of the species are chiefly taken from the form and manner of growth of the seed vessel, and we will examine some of them by the descriptions in a book of botany. There is one very remarkable seed vessel, which probably you have observed in the garden. It is a perfectly round large flat pouch, which, after it has shed its seed, remains on the stalk and looks like a thin white bladder. The plant bearing it is commonly called honesty.

H. O, I know it very well. It is put into winter flower pots.

T. True. So much, then, for the tetradynamious or cruciform-flowered plants. You cannot well mistake them for any other class, if you remark the six chives, four of them, generally, but not always, longer than the two others; the single pistil changing either into a long pod or a round pouch containing the seeds; the four opposite petals of the flower, and four leaves of the calyx. You may safely make a sallad of the young leaves wherever you find them, the worst they can do to you is to bite your tongue.

GENEROUS REVENGE.

At the period when the republic of Genoa was divided between the factions of the nobles and the people, *Uberto*, a

man of low origin, but of an elevated mind and superior talents, and enriched by commerce, having raised himself to be the head of a popular party, maintained for a considerable time a democratical form of government.

The nobles at length uniting all their efforts, succeeded in subverting this state of things, and regained their former supremacy. They used their victory with considerable rigour; and in particular having imprisoned *Uberto*, proceeded against him as a traitor, and thought they displayed sufficient lenity in passing a sentence upon him of perpetual banishment, and the confiscation of all his property. *Adorno*, who was then possessed of the first magistracy, a man haughty in temper, and proud of antient nobility, though otherwise not void of generous sentiments, in pronouncing this sentence on *Uberto*, aggravated its severity by

the insolent terms in which he conveyed it. "You (said he)—you, the son of a base mechanic, who have dared to trample upon the nobles of Genoa—you, by their clemency, are only doomed to shrink again into the nothing whence you sprung."

Uberto received his condemnation with respectful submission to the court; yet stung by the manner in which it was expressed, he could not forbear saying to *Adorno*, "that perhaps he might hereafter find cause to repent the language he had used to a man capable of sentiments as elevated as his own." He then made his obeisance and retired; and after taking leave of his friends, embarked in a vessel bound for Naples, and quitted his native country without a tear.

He collected some debts due to him in the Neapolitan dominions, and with the wreck of his fortune went to settle

on one of the islands in the Archipelago, belonging to the state of Venice. Here his industry and capacity in mercantile pursuits raised him in a course of years to greater wealth than he had possessed in his most prosperous days at Genoa; and his reputation for honour and generosity equalled his fortune.

Among other places which he frequently visited as a merchant, was the city of Tunis, at that time in friendship with the Venetians, though hostile to most of the other Italian states, and especially to Genoa. As *Uberto* was on a visit to one of the first men of that place at his country house, he saw a young christian slave at work in irons, whose appearance excited his attention. The youth seemed oppressed with labour, to which his delicate frame had not been accustomed, and while he leaned at intervals upon the instrument with which he was working, a

sigh burst from his full heart, and a tear stole down his cheek. *Uberto* eyed him with tender compassion, and addressed him in Italian. The youth eagerly caught the sounds of his native tongue, and replying to his enquiries, informed him he was a Genoese. "And what is your name, young man? (said *Uberto*). You need not be afraid of confessing to *me* your birth and condition."

"Alas! (he answered) I fear my captors already suspect enough to demand a large ransom. My father is indeed one of the first men in Genoa. His name is *Adorno*, and I am his only son." "*Adorno!*" *Uberto* checked himself from uttering more aloud, but to himself he cried, "Thank Heaven! then I shall be nobly revenged."

He took leave of the youth, and immediately went to enquire after the corsair captain who claimed a right in young

Adorno, and having found him, demanded the price of his ransom. He learned that he was considered as a captive of value, and that less than two thousand crowns would not be accepted. *Uberto* paid the sum; and causing his servant to follow him with a horse and a complete suit of handsome apparel, he returned to the youth, who was working as before, and told him he was free. With his own hands he took off his fetters, and helped him to change his dress, and mount on horseback. The youth was tempted to think it all a dream, and the flutter of emotion almost deprived him of the power of returning thanks to his generous benefactor. He was soon, however, convinced of the reality of his good fortune, by sharing the lodging and table of *Uberto*.

After a stay of some days at Tunis to dispatch the remainder of his business, *Uberto* departed homewards, accompa-

nied by young *Adorno*, who by his pleasing manners had highly ingratiated himself with him. *Uberto* kept him some time at his house, treating him with all the respect and affection he could have shown for the son of his dearest friend. At length, having a safe opportunity of sending him to Genoa, he gave him a faithful servant for a conductor, fitted him out with every convenience, slipped a purse of gold into one hand, and a letter into the other, and thus addressed him:

"My dear youth, I could with much pleasure detain you longer in my humble mansion, but I feel your impatience to revisit your friends, and I am sensible that it would be cruelty to deprive them longer than necessary of the joy they will receive in recovering you. Deign to accept this provision for your voyage, and deliver this letter to your father. *He* probably may recollect

somewhat of me, though you are too young to do so. Farewell! I shall not soon forget you, and I will hope you will not forget me." *Adorno* poured out the effusions of a grateful and affectionate heart, and they parted with mutual tears and embraces.

The young man had a prosperous voyage home; and the transport with which he was again beheld by his almost heart-broken parents may more easily be conceived than described. After learning that he had been a captive in Tunis (for it was supposed that the ship in which he sailed had foundered at sea) "And to whom, (said old *Adorno*) am I indebted for the inestimable benefit of restoring you to my arms?" "This letter (said his son) "will inform you." He opened it, and read as follows:

"That son of a vile mechanic, who told you that one day you might repent the scorn with which you treated him,

has the satisfaction of seeing his prediction accomplished. For know, proud noble! that the deliverer of your only son from slavery is

The banished Uberto."

Adorno dropped the letter and covered his face with his hand, while his son was displaying in the warmest language of gratitude the virtues of *Uberto,* and the truly paternal kindness he had experienced from him. As the debt could not be cancelled, *Adorno* resolved if possible to repay it. He made such powerful intercessions with the other nobles, that the sentence pronounced on *Uberto* was reversed, and full permission given him to return to Genoa. In apprising him of this event, *Adorno* expressed his sense of the obligations he lay under to him, acknowledged the genuine nobleness of his character, and requested his friendship. *Uberto* returned to his country, and closed his days in peace, with the universal esteem of his fellow citizens.

TRUE HEROISM.

You have read, my Edmund, the stories of Achilles, and Alexander, and Charles of Sweden, and have, I doubt not, admired the high courage which seemed to set them above all sensations of fear, and rendered them capable of the most extraordinary actions. The world calls these men *heroes;* but before we give them that noble appellation, let us consider what were the motives which animated them to act and suffer as they did.

The first was a ferocious savage, governed by the passions of anger and revenge, in gratifying which he disregarded all impulses of duty and humanity. The second was intoxicated with the love of glory—swoln with absurd pride—and enslaved by dissolute pleasures; and in pursuit of these objects he

reckoned the blood of millions as of no account. The third was unfeeling, obstinate, and tyrannical, and preferred ruining his country, and sacrificing all his faithful followers, to the humiliation of giving up any of his mad projects. *Self*, you see, was the spring of all their conduct; and a selfish man can never be a hero. I will give you two examples of genuine heroism, one shown in acting, the other in suffering; and these shall be *true stories*, which is perhaps more than can be said of half that is recorded of Achilles and Alexander.

You have probably heard something of Mr. Howard, the reformer of prisons, to whom a monument is erected in St. Paul's church. His whole life almost was heroism; for he confronted all sorts of dangers with the sole view of relieving the miseries of his fellow-creatures. When he began to examine the state of prisons, scarcely any in this

country was free from a very fatal and infectious distemper called the gaol-fever. Wherever he heard of it, he made a point of seeing the poor sufferers, and often went down into their dungeons, when the keepers themselves would not accompany him. He travelled several times over almost the whole of Europe, and even into Asia, in order to gain knowledge of the state of prisons and hospitals, and point out means for lessening the calamities that prevail in them. He even went into countries where the plague was, that he might learn the best methods of treating that terrible contagious disease; and he voluntarily exposed himself to perform a strict quarantine, as one suspected of having the infection of the plague, only that he might be thoroughly acquainted with the methods used for prevention. He at length died of a fever caught in attending on the sick on the borders

of Crim Tartary, honoured and admired by all Europe, after having greatly contributed to enlighten his own and many other countries with respect to some of the most important objects of humanity. Such was *Howard the Good*; as great a hero in preserving mankind, as some of the false heroes above mentioned were in destroying them.

My second hero is a much humbler, but not less genuine one.

There was a journeyman bricklayer in this town—an able workman, but a very drunken idle fellow, who spent at the alehouse almost all he earned, and left his wife and children to shift for themselves as they could. This is, unfortunately, a common case; and of all the tyranny and cruelty exercised in the world, I believe that of bad husbands and fathers is by much the most frequent and the worst.

The family might have starved, but

for his eldest son, whom from a child the father brought up to help him in his work; and who was so industrious and attentive, that being now at the age of thirteen or fourteen, he was able to earn pretty good wages, every farthing of which, that he could keep out of his father's hands, he brought to his mother. And when his brute of a father came home drunk, cursing and swearing, and in such an ill humour, that his mother and the rest of the children durst not come near him for fear of a beating, this good lad (Tom was his name) kept near him, to pacify him, and get him quietly to bed. His mother, therefore, justly looked upon *Tom* as the support of the family, and loved him dearly.

It chanced that one day, *Tom*, in climbing up a high ladder with a load of mortar on his head, missed his hold, and fell down to the bottom on a heap of bricks and rubbish. The by-standers

ran up to him and found him all bloody, and with his thigh broken and bent quite under him. They raised him up, and sprinkled water on his face to recover him from a swoon into which he had fallen. As soon as he could speak, looking round, with a lamentable tone he cried, "O, what will become of my poor mother!"

He was carried home. I was present while the surgeon set his thigh. His mother was hanging over him half distracted, "Don't cry, mother! (said he) I shall get well again in time." Not a word more, or a groan, escaped him while the operation lasted.

Tom was a ragged boy that could not read or write—yet *Tom* has always stood on my list of heroes.

TWENTY-FOURTH EVENING.

THE COLONISTS.

COME, said Mr. *Barlow* to his boys, I have a new play for you. I will be the founder of a colony; and you shall be people of different trades and professions coming to offer yourselves to go with me. What are you, *A*?

A. I am a farmer, Sir.

Mr. B. Very well! Farming is the chief thing we have to depend upon, so we cannot have too much of it. But you must be a working farmer, not a gentleman farmer. Labourers will be scarce among us, and every man must put his own hand to the plough. There will be woods to clear, and marshes to drain, and a great deal of stubborn work to do.

A. I shall be ready to do my part, Sir.

Mr. B. Well, then, I shall entertain you willingly, and as many more of your profession as you can bring. You shall have land enough, and utensils; and you may fall to work as soon as you please. Now for the next.

B. I am a miller, Sir.

Mr. B. A very useful trade! The corn we grow must be ground, or it will do us little good. But what will you do for a mill, my friend?

B. I suppose we must make one, Sir.

Mr. B. True; but then you must bring with you a mill-wright for the purpose. As for mill-stones, we will take them out with us. Who is next?

C. I am a carpenter, Sir.

Mr. B. The most necessary man that could offer! We shall find you work enough, never fear. There will be houses to build, fences to make,

and all kinds of wooden furniture to provide. But our timber is all growing. You will have a deal of hard work to do in felling trees, and sawing planks, and shaping posts, and the like. You must be a field carpenter as well as a house carpenter.

C. I will, Sir.

Mr. B. Very well; then I engage you, but you had better bring two or three able hands along with you.

D. I am a blacksmith, Sir.

Mr. B. An excellent companion for the carpenter! We cannot do without either of you; so you may bring your great bellows and anvil, and we will set up a forge for you as soon as we arrive. But, by the by, we shall want a mason for that purpose.

E. I am one, Sir.

Mr. B. That's well. Though we may live in log houses at first, we shall want brick or stone work for chimneys,

and hearths, and ovens; so there will be employment for a mason. But if you can make bricks and burn lime too, you will be still more useful.

E. I will try what I can do, Sir.

Mr. B. No man can do more. I engage you. Who is next?

F. I am a shoemaker, Sir.

Mr. B. And shoes we cannot well do without. But can you make them, like Eumæus in the Odyssey, out of a raw hide? for I fear we shall get no leather.

F. But I can dress hides, too.

Mr. B. Can you? Then you are a clever fellow, and I will have you, though I give you double wages.

G. I am a tailor, Sir.

Mr. B. Well— Though it will be some time before we want holiday suits, yet we must not go naked; so there will be work for the tailor. But you are not above mending and botching,

I hope, for we must not mind patched clothes while we work in the woods.

G. I am not, Sir.

Mr. B. Then I engage you too.

H. I am a weaver, Sir.

Mr. B. Weaving is a very useful art, but I question if we can find room for it in our colony for the present. We shall not grow either hemp or flax for some time to come, and it will be cheaper for us to import our cloth than to make it. In a few years, however, we may be very glad of you.

J. I am a silversmith and jeweller, Sir.

Mr. B. Then, my friend, you cannot go to a worse place than a new colony to set up your trade in. You will break us, or we shall starve you.

J. But I understand clock and watch making, too.

Mr. B. That is somewhat more to our purpose, for we shall want to know how time goes. But I doubt we can-

not give you sufficient encouragement for a long while to come. For the present you had better stay where you are.

K. I am a barber and hairdresser, Sir.

Mr. B. Alas! what can we do with you? If you will shave our men's rough beards once a week, and crop their hair once a quarter, and be content to help the carpenter or follow the plough the rest of your time, we shall reward you accordingly. But you will have no ladies and gentlemen to dress for a ball, or wigs to curl and powder for Sundays, I assure you. Your trade will not stand by itself with us for a great while to come.

L. I am a medical man, Sir.

Mr. B. Then, Sir, you are very welcome. Health is the first of blessings, and if you can give us that, you will be a valuable man indeed. But I hope you understand surgery as well as physic, for we are likely enough to get

cuts and bruises, and broken bones occasionally.

L. I have had experience in that branch too, Sir.

Mr. B. And if you understand the nature of plants and their uses both in medicine and diet, it will be a great addition to your usefulness.

L. Botany has been a favourite study with me, Sir; and I have some knowledge of chemistry, and the other parts of natural history, too.

Mr. B. Then you will be a treasure to us, Sir, and I shall be happy to make it worth your while to go with us.

M. I, Sir, am a lawyer.

Mr. B. Sir, your most obedient servant. When we are rich enough to go to law, we will let you know.

N. I am a schoolmaster, Sir.

Mr. B. That is a profession which I am sure I do not mean to undervalue;

and as soon as ever we have young folks in our colony, we shall be glad of your services. Though we are to be hard-working plain people, we do not intend to be ignorant, and we shall make it a point to have every one taught reading and writing, at least. In the mean time, till we have employment enough for you in teaching, you may keep the accounts and records of the colony: and on Sunday you may read prayers to all those that choose to attend upon you.

N. With all my heart, Sir.

Mr. B. Then I engage you. Who comes here with so bold an air?

O. I am a soldier, Sir; will you have me?

Mr. B. We are peaceable people, and I hope shall have no occasion to fight. We mean honestly to purchase our land from the natives, and to be just and fair in all our dealings with

them. William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, followed that plan; and when the Indians were at war with all the other European settlers, a person in a Quaker's habit might pass through all their most ferocious tribes without the least injury. It is my intention, however, to make all my colonists soldiers, so far as to be able to defend themselves if attacked, and that being the case, we shall have no need of *soldiers by trade*.

P. I am a gentleman, Sir; and I have a great desire to accompany you, because I hear game is very plentiful in that country.

Mr. B. A gentleman! And what good will you do us, Sir?

P. O, Sir, that is not at all my intention. I only mean to amuse myself.

Mr. B. But do you mean, Sir, that we should pay for your amusement?

P. As to maintenance, I expect to be able to kill game enough for my own eating, with a little bread and garden stuff, which you will give me. Then I will be content with a house somewhat better than the common ones; and your barber shall be my valet; so I shall give very little trouble.

Mr. B. And pray, Sir, what inducement can we have for doing all this for you?

P. Why, Sir, you will have the credit of having *one gentleman* at least in your colony.

Mr. B. Ha, ha, ha! A facetious gentleman truly! Well, Sir, when we are ambitious of such a distinction, we will send for you.

THE TRAVELLED ANT.

There was a garden enclosed with high brick walls, and laid out somewhat in the old fashion. Under the walls were wide beds planted with flowers, garden stuff, and fruit trees. Next to them was a broad gravel walk running round the garden; and the middle was laid out in grass plots, and beds of flowers and shrubs, with a fish-pond in the centre.

Near the root of one of the wall fruit trees, a numerous colony of ants was established, which had extended its subterraneous works over great part of the bed in its neighbourhood. One day, two of the inhabitants meeting in a gallery under ground, fell into the following conversation.

Ha! my friend (said the first), is it you? I am glad to see you. Where

have you been this long time? All your acquaintance have been in pain about you, lest some accident should have befallen you.

Why, (replied the other), I am indeed a sort of stranger, for you must know I am but just returned from a long journey.

A journey! whither, pray, and on what account?

A tour of mere curiosity. I had long felt dissatisfied with knowing so little about this world of ours; so, at length, I took a resolution to explore it. And I may now boast that I have gone round its utmost extremities, and that no considerable part of it has escaped my researches.

Wonderful! What a traveller you have been, and what sights you must have seen!

Why, yes—I have seen more than

most ants, to be sure; but it has been at the expense of so much toil and danger, that I know not whether it was worth the pains.

Would you oblige me with some account of your adventures?

Willingly. I set out, then, early one sunshiny morning; and, after crossing our territory and the line of plantation by which it is bordered, I came upon a wide open plain, where, as far as the eye could reach, not a single green thing was to be descried, but the hard soil was every where covered with huge stones, which made travelling equally painful to the eye and the feet. As I was toiling onwards, I heard a rumbling noise behind me, which became louder and louder. I looked back, and with the utmost horror beheld a prodigious rolling mountain approaching me so fast that it was impossible to get out of the way. I threw myself flat on the ground

behind a stone, and lay expecting nothing but present death. The mountain soon passed over me, and I continued (I know not how long) in a state of insensibility. When I recovered, I began to stretch my limbs one by one, and to my surprise found myself not in the least injured; but the stone beside me was almost buried in the earth by the crash!

What an escape!

A wonderful one, indeed. I journeyed on over the desert, and at length came to the end of it, and entered upon a wide green tract, consisting chiefly of tall, narrow, pointed leaves, which grew so thick and entangled, that it was with the greatest difficulty I could make my way between them; and I should continually have lost my road, had I not taken care to keep the sun in view before me. When I had got near the middle of this region, I was

startled with the sight of a huge four-legged monster, with a yellow speckled skin, which took a flying leap directly over me. Somewhat further, before I was aware, I ran upon one of those long, round, crawling creatures, without head, tail, or legs, which we sometimes meet with under ground, near our settlement. As soon as he felt me upon him, he drew back into his hole so swiftly, that he was near drawing me in along with him. However, I jumped off, and proceeded on my way.

With much labour I got at last to the end of this perplexed tract, and came to an open space like that in which we live, in the midst of which grew trees so tall that I could not see to their tops. Being hungry, I climbed up the first I came to, in expectation of finding some fruit; but after a weary search I returned empty. I tried several others with no better suc-

cess. There were, indeed, leaves and flowers in plenty, but nothing of which I could make a meal; so that I might have been famished, had I not found some sour harsh berries upon the ground on which I made a poor repast. While I was doing this, a greater danger than any of the former befel me. One of those two-legged feathered creatures which we often see to our cost, jumped down from a bough, and picked up in his enormous beak the very berry on which I was standing. Luckily he did not swallow it immediately, but flew up again with it to the tree; and in the mean time I disengaged myself, and fell from a vast height to the ground, but received no hurt.

I crossed this plantation, and came to another entangled green like the first. After I had laboured through it, I came on a sudden to the side of a vast glittering plain, the nature of which I could

not possibly guess at. I walked along a fallen leaf which lay on the side, and coming to the farther edge of it, I was greatly surprised to see another ant coming from below to meet me. I advanced to give him a fraternal embrace, but instead of what I expected, I met a cold yielding matter, in which I should have sunk, had I not speedily turned about, and caught hold of the leaf, by which I drew myself up again. And now I found this great plain to consist of that fluid which sometimes falls from the sky, and causes us so much trouble by filling our holes.

As I stood considering how to proceed on my journey, a gentle breeze arose, which, before I was aware, carried the leaf I was upon away from the solid land into this yielding fluid, which, however, bore it up, and me along with it. At first, I was greatly alarmed, and ran round and round my

leaf in order to find some way of getting back; but perceiving this to be impracticable, I resigned myself to my fate, and even began to take some pleasure in the easy motion by which I was borne forwards. But what new and wonderful forms of living creatures did I see inhabiting this liquid land! Bodies of prodigious bulk, covered with shining scales of various colours, shot by me with vast rapidity, and sported a thousand ways. They had large heads, and staring eyes, tremendous wide mouths, but no legs; and they seemed to be carried on by the action of somewhat like small wings planted on various parts of their body, and especially at the end of the tail, which continually waved about. Other smaller creatures, of a great variety of extraordinary forms, were moving through the clear fluid, or resting upon its surface; and I saw with terror numbers

of them continually seized and swallowed by the larger ones before mentioned.

When I had got near the middle, the smooth surface of this plain was all roughened, and moved up and down, so as to toss about my leaf, and nearly overset it. I trembled to think what would become of me, should I be thrown amidst all these terrible monsters. At last, however, I got safe to the other side, and with joy set my feet on dry land again. I ascended a gentle green slope, which led to a tall plantation like that I had before passed through. Another green plain, and another stony desert succeeded; which brought me at length to the opposite boundary of our world, enclosed by the same immense mound rising to the heavens, which limits us on this side.

Here I fell in with another nation of our species differing little in way of

life from ourselves. They invited me to their settlement, and entertained me hospitably, and I accompanied them in several excursions in the neighbourhood. There was a charming fruit tree at no great distance, to which we made frequent visits. One day, as I was regaling deliciously on the heart of a green-gage plum, I felt myself on a sudden carried along with great swiftness, till I got into a dark place, where a horrid crash threw me upon a soft moist piece of flesh, whence I was soon driven forth in a torrent of wind and moisture, and found myself on the ground all covered with slime. I disengaged myself with difficulty, and looking up, descried one of those enormous two legged animals, which often shake the ground over our heads, and put us into terror.

My new friends now began to hint to me that it was time to depart, for you know we are not fond of naturalizing

strangers. And lucky, indeed, it was for me that I received the hint when I did; for I had but just left the place, and was travelling over a neighbouring eminence, when I heard behind me a tremendous noise; and looking back, I saw the whole of their settlement blown into the air with a prodigious explosion of fire and smoke. Numbers of half-burnt bodies, together with the ruins of their habitations, were thrown to a vast distance around; and such a suffocating vapour arose, that I lay for some time deprived of sense and motion. From some of the wretched fugitives I learned that the disaster was attributed to subterranean fire bursting its way to the surface: the cause of which, however, was supposed to be connected with the machinations of that malignant two-legged monster, from whose jaws I had so narrowly escaped, who had been observed just

before the explosion to pour through the holes leading to the great apartment of the settlement, a number of black shining grains.

On my return from this remote country, I kept along the boundary wall, which I knew by observation must at length bring me back to my own home. I met with several wandering tribes of our species in my road, and frequently joined their foraging parties in search of food. One day, a company of us, allured by the smell of somewhat sweet, climbed up some lofty pillars, on which was placed a vast round edifice, having only one entrance. At this were continually coming in and going out those winged animals, somewhat like ourselves in form, but many times bigger, and armed with a dreadful sting, which we so often meet with sipping the juices of flowers; but whether they were the architects of this great man-

sion, or it was built for them by some beneficent being of greater powers, I am unable to decide. It seemed, however, to be the place where they deposited what they so industriously collect; for they were perpetually arriving loaded with a fragrant substance, which they carried in, and they returned empty. We had a great desire to enter with them, but were deterred by their formidable appearance, and a kind of angry hum which continually proceeded from the house. At length two or three of the boldest of our party, watching a time when the entrance was pretty free, ventured to go in; but we soon saw them driven out in great haste, and trampled down and massacred just at the gate-way. The rest of us made a speedy retreat.

Two more adventures which happened to me, had very nearly prevented my return to my own country. Having

one evening, together with a companion, taken up my quarters in an empty snail-shell, there came on such a shower of rain in the night, that the shell was presently filled. I awaked just suffocated; but luckily having my head turned towards the mouth of the shell, I rose to the top, and made a shift to crawl to a dry place. My companion, who had got further into the shell, never rose again.

Not long after, as I was travelling under the wall I descried a curious pit, with a circular orifice, gradually growing narrower to the bottom. On coming close to the brink in order to survey it, the edge, which was of fine sand, gave way, and I slid down the pit. As soon as I had reached the bottom, a creature with a huge pair of horns and dreadful claws made his appearance from beneath the sand, and attempted to seize me. I flew back, and ran up

the side of the pit; when he threw over me such a shower of sand as blinded me, and had like to have brought me down again. However, by exerting all my strength, I got out of his reach, and did not cease running till I was at a considerable distance. I was afterwards informed that this was the den of an ant-lion, a terrible foe of our species, which, not equalling us in speed, is obliged to make use of this crafty device to entrap his heedless prey.

This was the last of my perils. To my great joy, I reached my native place last night, where I mean to stay content for the future. I do not know how far I have benefited from my travels, but one important conclusion I have drawn from them.

What is that? (said his friend).

Why, you know it is the current opinion with us, that every thing in

this world was made for our use. Now, I have seen such vast tracts not at all fit for our residence, and peopled with creatures so much larger and stronger than ourselves, that I cannot help being convinced that the Creator had in view their accommodation as well as ours, in making this world.

I confess this seems probable enough; but you had better keep your opinion to yourself.

Why so?

You know we ants are a vain race, and make high pretensions to wisdom as well as antiquity. We shall be affronted with any attempts to lessen our importance in our own eyes.

But there is no wisdom in being deceived.

Well—do as you think proper. Meantime, farewell, and thanks for the entertainment you have given me.

Farewell!

SHOW AND USE;

OR

THE TWO PRESENTS.

One morning, Lord Richmore, coming down to breakfast, was welcomed with the tidings that his favourite mare Miss Slim, had brought a foal, and also that a she-ass, kept for his lady's use as a milker, had dropped a young one. His lordship smiled at the inequality of the presents nature had made him. "As for the foal (said he to the groom), that, you know, has been long promised to my neighbour Mr. Scamper. For young Balaam, you may dispose of him as you please." The groom thanked his lordship, and said he would then give him to Isaac the woodman.

In due time, Miss Slim's foal, which was the son of a noted racer, was taken

to Squire Scamper's, who received him with great delight, and out of compliment to the donor, named him *Young Peer.* He was brought up with at least as much care and tenderness as the Squire's own children—kept in a warm stable, fed with the best of corn and hay, duly dressed and regularly exercised. As he grew up, he gave tokens of great beauty. His colour was bright bay, with a white star on his forehead; his coat was fine, and shone like silk; and every point about him seemed to promise perfection of shape and make. Every body admired him as the completest colt that could be seen.

So fine a creature could not be destined to any useful employment. After he had passed his third year, he was sent to Newmarket to be trained for the turf, and a groom was appointed to the care of him alone. His master, who could not well afford the expense,

saved part of it by turning off a domestic tutor whom he kept for the education of his sons, and was content with sending them to the curate of the parish.

At four years old, Young Peer started for a subscription purse, and came in second out of a number of competitors. Soon after, he won a country plate, and filled his master with joy and triumph. The Squire now turned all his attention to the turf, made matches, betted high, and was at first tolerably successful. At length having ventured all the money he could raise upon one grand match, Young Peer ran on the wrong side of the post, was distanced, and the Squire ruined.

Meantime young Balaam went into Isaac's possession, where he had a very different training. He was left to pick up his living as he could in the lanes and commons; and on the coldest days in winter he had no other shelter than

the lee-side of the cottage, out of which he was often glad to pluck the thatch for a subsistence. As soon as ever he was able to bear a rider, Isaac's children got upon him, sometimes two or three at once; and if he did not go to their mind, a broomstick or bunch of furze was freely applied to his hide. Nevertheless he grew up, as the children themselves did, strong and healthy; and though he was rather bare on the ribs, his shape was good, and his limbs vigorous.

It was not long before his master thought of putting him to some use; so taking him to the wood, he fastened a load of faggots on his back, and sent him with his son Tom to the next town. Tom sold the faggots, and mounting upon Balaam, rode him home. As Isaac could get plenty of faggots and chips, he found it a profitable trade to send them for daily sale upon Balaam's back. Having a little garden, which

from the barrenness of the soil yielded him nothing of value, he bethought him of loading Balaam back from town with dung for manure. Though all he could bring at once was contained in two small panniers, yet this in time amounted to enough to mend the soil of his whole garden, so that he grew very good cabbages and potatoes to the great relief of his family. Isaac being now sensible of the value of his ass, began to treat him with more attention. He got a small stack of rushy hay for his winter fodder, and with his own hands built him a little shed of boughs and mud, in order to shelter him from the bad weather. He would not suffer any of his family to use Balaam ill, and after his daily journeys he was allowed to ramble at pleasure. He was now and then cleaned and dressed, and upon the whole, made a reputable figure. Isaac took in more land from the waste, so

that by degrees he became a little farmer, and kept a horse and cart, a cow and two or three pigs. This made him quite a rich man, but he had always the gratitude to impute his prosperity to the good services of Balaam, the groom's present; while the squire cursed Young Peer as the cause of his ruin, and many a time wished that his lordship had kept his dainty gift to himself.

TWENTY-FIFTH EVENING.

HUMBLE LIFE;

OR,

THE COTTAGERS.

Mr. Everard—Charles *(walking in the fields.)*

Mr. E. WELL, Charles, you seem to be in deep meditation. Pray what are you thinking about?

Ch. I was thinking, Sir, how happy it is for us that we are not in the place of that poor weaver whose cottage we just passed by.

Mr. E. It is very right to be sensible of all the advantages that Providence has bestowed upon us in this world, and I commend you for reflecting on them with gratitude. But what particular circumstance of comparison between our condition and his struck you most just now?

Ch. O, almost every thing! I could not bear to live in such a poor house, with a cold clay floor, and half the windows stopped with paper. Then how poorly he and his children are dressed! and I dare say they must live as poorly too.

Mr. E. These things would be grievous enough to you, I do not doubt, because you have been accustomed to a very different way of living. But if they are healthy and contented, I don't know that we have much more to boast of. I believe the man is able to procure wholesome food for his family, and clothes and firing enough to keep them from suffering from the cold; and nature wants little more.

Ch. But what a ragged barefooted fellow the boy at the door was?

Mr. E. He was—but did you observe his ruddy cheeks, and his stout legs, and the smiling grin upon his counte-

nance? it is my opinion he would beat you in running, though he is half the head less; and I dare say he never cried because he did not know what to do with himself, in his life.

Ch. But, Sir, you have often told me that the mind is the noblest part of man; and these poor creatures, I am sure, can have no opportunity to improve their minds. They must be as ignorant as the brutes, almost.

Mr. E. Why so? Do you think there is no knowledge to be got but from books; or that a weaver cannot teach his children right from wrong?

Ch. Not if he has never learned himself.

Mr. E. True—but I hope the country we live in is not so unfriendly to a poor man as to afford him no opportunity of learning his duty to God and his neighbour. And as to other points of knowledge, necessity and common observation, will teach him a good deal,

But come—let us go and pay them a visit, for I doubt you hardly think them human creatures.

[*They enter the cottage*—Jacob, *the weaver, at his loom. His wife spinning. Children of different ages.*]

Mr. E. Good morning to you, friend! Don't let us disturb you all, pray. We have just stept in to look at your work.

Jacob. I have very little to show you, gentlemen; but you are welcome to look on. Perhaps the young gentleman never saw weaving before.

Ch. I never did, near.

Jac. Look here, then, master. These long threads are the warp. They are divided, you see, into two sets, and I pass my shuttle between them, which carries with it the cross threads, and that makes the weft. (*Explains the whole to him*).

Ch. Dear! how curious! and is all cloth made this way, papa?

Mr. E. Yes; only there are somewhat different contrivances for different kinds of work. Well, how soon do you think you could learn to weave like this honest man?

Ch. O—not for a great while!

Mr. E. But I suppose you could easily turn the wheel, and draw out threads like that good woman.

Ch. Not without some practice, I fancy. But what is that boy doing?

Jac. He is cutting pegs for the shoemakers, master.

Ch. How quick he does them!

Jac. It is but poor employment, but better than being idle. The first lesson I teach my children is that their hands were made to get their bread with.

Mr. E. And a very good lesson, too.

Ch. What is this heap of twigs for?

Jac. Why, master, my biggest boy and girl have learned a little how to

make basket-work, so I have got them a few osiers to employ them at leisure hours. That bird-cage is their making; and the back of that chair in which their grandmother sits.

Ch. Is not that cleverly done, papa?

Mr. E. It is indeed. Here are several arts, you see, in this house, which both you and I should be much puzzled to set about. But there are some books too, I perceive.

Ch. Here is a Bible, and a Testament, and a Prayer-book, and a Spelling book, and a volume of the Gardener's Dictionary.

Mr. E. And how many of your family can read, my friend?

Jac. All the children but the two youngest can read a little, Sir; but Meg, there, is the best scholar among us. She reads us a chapter in the Testament every morning, and very well too, though I say it.

Mr. E. Do you hear that, Charles?

Ch. I do, Sir. Here's an almanack, too, against the wall: and here are my favourite ballads of the Children in the Wood, and Chevy-Chase.

Jac. I let the children paste them up, Sir, and a few more that have no harm in them. There's Hearts of Oak, and Rule Britannia, and Robin Gray.

Mr. E. A very good choice, indeed. I see you have a pretty garden there behind the house.

Jac. It is only a little spot, Sir; but it serves for some amusement, and use too.

Ch. What beautiful stocks and wall-flowers! We have none so fine in our garden.

Jac. Why, master, to say the truth, we are rather proud of them. I have got a way of cultivating them, that I believe few besides myself are acquainted with; and on Sundays I have

plenty of visitors to come and admire them.

Ch. Pray what is this bush with narrow whitish leaves and blue flowers?

Jac. Don't you know? It is rosemary.

Ch. Is it good for any thing?

Jac. We like the smell of it; and then the leaves, mixed with a little balm, make pleasant tea, which we sometimes drink in the afternoon.

Ch. Here are several more plants that I never saw before.

Jac. Some of them are pot herbs, that we put into our broth or porridge; and others are physic herbs, for we cannot afford to go to a doctor for every trifling ailment.

Ch. But how do you learn the use of these things?

Jac. Why, partly, master, from an old herbal that I have got; and partly

from my good mother and some old neighbours; for we poor people are obliged to help one another as well as we can. If you were curious about plants, I could go into the fields and show you a great many that we reckon very fine for several uses, though I suppose we don't call them by the proper names.

Mr. E. You keep your garden very neat, friend, and seem to make the most of every inch of ground.

Jac. Why, Sir, we have hands enow, and all of us like to be doing a little in it when our in-doors work is over. I am in hopes soon to be allowed a bit of land from the waste for a potatoe-ground, which will be a great help to us. I shall then be able to keep a pig.

Mr. E. I suppose, notwithstanding your industry, you live rather hardly sometimes.

Jac. To be sure, Sir, we are somewhat pinched in dear times and hard-

weather; but, thank God, I have constant work, and my children begin to be some help to us, so that we fare better than some of our neighbours. If I do but keep my health, I don't fear but we shall make a shift to live.

Mr. E. Keep such a contented mind, my friend, and you will have few to envy. Good morning to you, and if any sickness or accident should befal you, remember you have a friend in your neighbour at the hall.

Jac. I will, Sir, and thank you.

Ch. Good morning to you.

Jac. The same to you, master.

[*They leave the cottage.*

Mr. E. Well, Charles, what do you think of our visit?

Ch. I am highly pleased with it, Sir. I shall have a better opinion of a poor cottager as long as I live.

Mr. E. I am glad of it. You see when we compare ourselves with this

weaver, all the advantage is not on our side. He is possessed of an art, the utility of which secures him a livelihood, whatever may be the changes of the times. All his family are brought up to industry, and show no small ingenuity in their several occupations. They are not without instruction, and especially seem to be in no want of that best of all, the knowledge of their duty. They understand something of the cultivation and uses of plants, and are capable of receiving enjoyment from the beauties of nature. They partake of the pleasures of home and neighbourhood. Above all, they seem content with their lot, and free from anxious cares and repinings. I view them as truly respectable members of society, acting well the part allotted to them, and that, a part most of all necessary to the well-being of the whole. They may, from untoward accidents,

be rendered objects of our compassion, but they never can of our contempt.

Ch. Indeed, Sir, I am very far from despising them now. But would it not be possible to make them more comfortable than they are at present?

Mr. E. I think it would; and when giving a little from the superfluity of persons in our situation would add so much to the happiness of persons in theirs, I am of opinion that it is unpardonable not to do it. I intend to use my interest to get this poor man the piece of waste land he wants, and he shall have some from my share rather than go without.

Ch. And suppose, Sir, we were to give him some good potatoes to plant it?

Mr. E. We will. Then, you know, we have a fine sow, that never fails to produce a numerous litter twice a year. Suppose we rear one of the next brood

to be ready for him as soon as he has got his potatoe ground into bearing?

Ch. O yes! that will be just the thing. But how is he to build a pig-sty?

Mr. E. You may leave that to his own ingenuity; I warrant he can manage such a job as that with the help of a neighbour, at least. Well—I hope both the weaver, and you, will be the better for the acquaintance we have made to-day; and always remember, that *man, when fulfilling the duties of his station, be that station what it may, is a worthy object of respect to his fellow-men.*

ON EMBLEMS.

PRAY, papa, (said *Cecilia*) what is an *emblem?* I have met with the word in my lesson to-day, and I do not quite understand it.

An emblem, my dear (replied he), is a visible image of an invisible thing.

C. A visible image of—I can hardly comprehend—

P. Well, I will explain it more at length. There are certain notions that we form in our minds without the help of our eyes, or any of our senses. Thus, Virtue, Vice, Honour, Disgrace, Time, Death, and the like, are not sensible objects, but ideas of the understanding.

C. Yes—We cannot feel them or see them, but we can think about them.

P. True. Now it sometimes happens that we wish to represent one of these in a visible form; that is, to offer something to the sight that shall raise a similar notion in the minds of the beholders. In order to do this, we must take some action or circumstance belonging to it, capable of being ex-

pressed by painting or sculpture, and this is called a *type* or *emblem*.

C. But how can this be done?

P. I will tell you by an example. You know the sessions house where trials are held. It would be easy to write over the door, in order to distinguish it, "This is the sessions house;" but it is a more ingenious and elegant way of pointing it out, to place upon the building a figure representing the purpose for which it was erected, namely, to distribute *justice*. For this end the notion of justice is to be *personified*, that is, changed from an idea of the understanding into one of the sight. A human figure is therefore made, distinguished by tokens which bear a relation to the character of that virtue. Justice carefully *weighs* both sides of a cause; she is therefore represented as holding a *pair of scales*. It is her office to *punish* crimes; she therefore bears a *sword*. This is

then an *emblematical figure*, and the sword and scales are *emblems*.

C. I understand this very well. But why is she blindfolded?

P. To denote her impartiality—that she decides only from the merits of the case, and not from a view of the parties.

C. How can she weigh any thing, though, when her eyes are blinded?

P. Well objected. These are two inconsistent emblems; each proper in itself, but when used together, making a contradictory action. An artist of judgement will therefore drop one of them; and accordingly the best modern figures of Justice have the balance and sword, without the bandage over the eyes.

C. Is there not the same fault in making Cupid blindfolded, and yet putting a bow and arrow into his hands?

P. There is. It is a gross absurdity,

and not countenanced by the ancient descriptions of Cupid, who is represented as the surest of all archers.

C. I have a figure of *Death* in my fablebook. I suppose that is emblematical?

P. Certainly, or you could not know that it meant Death. How is he represented?

C. He is nothing but bones, and he holds a scythe in one hand, and an hourglass in the other.

P. Well—how do you interpret these emblems?

C. I suppose he is all bones, because nothing but bones are left after a dead body has lain long in the grave.

P. True. This, however, is not so properly an emblem, as the real and visible effect of death. But the scythe?

C. Is not that because death mows down every thing?

P. It is. No instrument could so properly represent the wide-wasting

sway of death, which sweeps down the race of animals, like flowers falling under the hand of the mower. It is a simile used in the Scriptures.

C. The hour-glass, I suppose, is to show people their time is come.

P. Right. In the hour-glass that Death holds, all the sand is run out from the upper to the lower part. Have you never observed upon a monument an old figure, with wings, and a scythe, and with his head bald all but a single lock before?

C. O yes;—and I have been told it is *Time.*

P. Well—and what do you make of it? Why is he old?

C. O! because time has lasted a long while.

P. And why has he wings?

C. Because time is swift and flies away.

P. What does his scythe mean?

C. I suppose that is, because he

destroys and cuts down every thing like Death.

P. True. I think, however, a weapon rather slower in its operation, as a pick-axe, would have been more suitable to the gradual action of time. But what is his single lock of hair for?

C. I have been thinking, and cannot make it out.

P. I thought that would puzzle you. It relates to time as giving *opportunity* for doing any thing. It is to be seized as it presents itself, or it will escape, and cannot be recovered. Thus the proverb says, "Take time by the fore-lock." Well—now you understand what emblems are.

C. Yes, I think I do. I suppose the painted sugar-loaves over the grocer's shop, and the mortar over the apothecary's, are emblems too.

P. Not so properly. They are only the pictures of things which are them-

selves the object of sight, as the real sugar-loaf in the shop of the grocer, and the real mortar in that of the apothecary. However, an implement belonging to a particular rank or profession, is commonly used as an emblem to point out the man exercising that rank or profession. Thus a crown is considered as an emblem of a king; a sword or spear, of a soldier; an anchor, of a sailor; and the like.

C. I remember Captain Heartwell when he came to see us, had the figure of an anchor on all his buttons.

P. He had. That was the emblem or badge of his belonging to the navy.

C. But you told me that an emblem was a visible sign of an invisible thing; yet a sea-captain is not an invisible thing.

P. He is not invisible as a man, but his profession is invisible.

C. I do not well understand that.

P. Profession is a *quality*, belonging equally to a number of individuals, however different they may be in external form and appearance. It may be added or taken away without any visible change. Thus, if Captain Heartwell were to give up his commission, he would appear to you the same man as before. It is plain, therefore, that what in that case he had lost, namely his profession, was a thing invisible. It is one of those ideas of the understanding which I before mentioned to you, as different from a sensible idea.

C. I comprehend it now.

P. I have got here a few emblematical pictures. Suppose you try whether you can find out their meaning.

C. O yes—I shall like that very well.

P. Here is a man standing on the summit of a steep cliff, and going to

ascend a ladder which he has planted against a cloud.

C. Let me see!—that must be *Ambition*, I think.

P. How do you explain it?

C. He is got very high already, but he wants to be still higher; so he ventures up the ladder, though it is only supported by a cloud, and hangs over a precipice.

P. Very right. Here is now another man, hood-winked, who is crossing a raging torrent upon stepping stones.

C. Then he will certainly fall in. I suppose he is one that runs into danger without considering whither he is going.

P. Yes; and you may call him *Foolhardiness*. Do you see this hand coming out of a black cloud, and putting an extinguisher upon a lamp?

C. I do. If that lamp be the lamp

lamp of life, the hand that extinguishes it must be *Death.*

P. Very just. Here is an old half-ruined building, supported by props, and the figure of Time is sawing through one of the props.

C. That must be *Old-age,* surely.

P. It is. The next is a man leaning upon a breaking crutch.

C. I don't well know what to make of that.

P. It is intended for *Instability;* however, it might also stand for *False Confidence.* Here is a man poring over a sun-dial, with a candle in his hand.

C. I am at a loss for that, too.

P. Consider—a sun dial is only made to tell the hour by the light of the sun.

C. Then this man must know nothing about it.

P. True; and his name is therefore *Ignorance.* Here is a walking-stick, the lower part of which is set in the

water, and it appears crooked. What does that denote?

C. Is the stick really crooked?

P. No; but it is the property of water to give that appearance.

C. Then it must signify *Deception.*

P. It does. I dare say you will at once know this fellow who is running as fast as his legs will carry him, and looking back at his shadow.

C. He must be *Fear* or *Terror* I fancy.

P. Yes; you may call him which you please. But who is this sower, that scatters seed in the ground?

C. Let me consider. I think there is a parable in the Bible about seed sown, and it there signifies something like *Instruction.*

P. True; but it may also represent *Hope,* for no one would sow without hoping to reap the fruit. What do you think of this candle held before a

mirror, in which its figure is exactly reflected?

C. I do not know what it means.

P. It represents *Truth;* the essence of which consists in the fidelity with which objects are received and reflected back by our minds. The object is here a luminous one, to show the clearness and brightness of Truth. Here is next an upright column, the perfect straightness of which is shown by a plumb line hanging from its summit, and exactly parallel to the side of the column.

C. I suppose that must represent *Uprightness.*

P. Yes—or in other words, *Rectitude.* The strength and stability of the pillar also denote the security produced by this virtue. You see here a woman disentangling and reeling off a very perplexed skein of thread.

C. She must have a great deal of patience.

P. True. She is *Patience* herself. The brooding hen, sitting beside her, is another emblem of the same quality that aids the interpretation. Who do you think this pleasing female is, that looks with such kindness upon the drooping plant she is watering?

C. That must be *Charity*, I believe.

P. It is; or you may call her *Benignity*, which is nearly the same thing. Here is a lady sitting demurely, with one finger on her lip, while she holds a bridle in her other hand.

C. The finger on the lip I suppose denotes Silence. The bridle must mean Confinement. I could almost fancy her to be a School-mistress.

P. Ha! ha! I hope, indeed, many school-mistresses are endued with her spirit, for she is *Prudence* or *Discretion*. Well—we are now got to the end of our pictures, and upon the whole you have interpreted them very prettily.

C. But I have one question to ask you, papa! In these pictures and others that I have seen of the same sort, almost all the *good* qualities are represented in the form of *women.* What is the reason of that?

P. It is certainly a compliment, my dear, either to your sex's person or mind. The inventor either chose the figure of a female to clothe his agreeable quality in, because he thought that the most agreeable form, and therefore best suited it; or he meant to imply that the female character is really the most virtuous and amiable. I rather believe that the first was his intention, but I shall not object to your taking it in the light of the second.

C. But is it true—is it true?

P. Why, I can give you very good authority for the preference of the female sex in a moral view. One Ledyard, a great traveller, who had walked through almost all the countries of

Europe, and at last died in an expedition to explore the internal parts of Africa, gave a most decisive and pleasing testimony in favour of the superior character of women, whether savage or civilized. I was so much pleased with it, that I put great part of it into verse; and if it will not make you vain, I will give you a copy of my lines.

C. O, pray do!

P. Here they are. Read them.

LEDYARD'S PRAISE OF WOMEN.

Through many a land and clime a ranger,
With toilsome steps, I've held my way,
A lonely unprotected stranger,
To all the stranger's ills a prey.

While steering thus my course precarious,
My fortune still had been to find
Men's hearts and dispositions various,
But gentle Woman ever kind.

Alive to ev'ry tender feeling,
To deeds of mercy ever prone;

The wounds of pain and sorrow healing,
With soft compassion's sweetest tone.

No proud delay, no dark suspicion,
Stints the free bounty of their heart;
They turn not from the sad petition,
But cheerful aid at once impart.

Form'd in benevolence of nature,
Obliging, modest, gay, and mild,
Woman's the same endearing creature
In courtly town and savage wild.

When parch'd with thirst, with hunger wasted,
Her friendly hand refreshment gave,
How sweet the coarsest food has tasted!
What cordial in the simple wave!

Her courteous looks, her words caressing,
Shed comfort on the fainting soul:
Woman's the stranger's general blessing,
From sultry India to the Pole.

THE END OF VOL. V.

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